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THE VALUE

OF

HIGHER EDUCATION

AN ADDRESS

TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

D. S. Jordan

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OF

HIGHER EDUCATION

AN ADDRESS

TO YOUNG PEOPLE,

BY

DAVID STARR JORDAN,

PRESIDENT OF INDIANA UNIVERSITY.

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THE VALUE OF HIGHER EDUCATION.

What I have to say, to-night, is addressed to young men and young women. It is a plea, as strong as I know how to make it, for higher education, for more thorough preparation for the duties of life. I know those well to whom I wish to speak. And to such as these, with the life and duties in the busy world before you, the best advice that I or any one else can give you is this, "Go to College."

And you may say: "These four years are among the best in my life. The good your college does must be great, if I should spend this time and money in securing it. What will your college do for me?"

It may do many things for you if you are made of the right stuff, or it may do little or nothing, for you cannot fasten a $2,000 education to a fifty-cent boy. The fool, the dude and the shirk come out of college pretty much as they go in. They dive deep in the Pierian springs, as the duck dives in the pond, and they come up as dry as the duck does. The college will not do everything for you. It will not of itself do anything for you. It is simply one of the helps by which you can win your way to a noble manhood or womanhood. Whatever you are, you must make of yourself, but a well-spent college-life is one of the greatest helps to all good things.

So if you learn to use it rightly, this the college can do for you. It will bring you in contact with the great minds of the past, the long roll of those, who through the ages have borne a mission to young men and young women, from Plato to Emerson, from Homer and Euripides to Schiller and Browning. Your thoughts will be limited, not by the narrow gossip of to-day, but the great men of all ages and all climes will become your brothers. You will learn to feel what the Greeks called the Consolations of Philosophy. To turn from the petty troubles of the day to the thoughts of the Masters, is to go from the noise of the rabble through the door of a cathedral. The whole of your life must be spent in your own company, and only the educated man is good company for himself.

The College can bring you face to face with the great problems of nature. You will learn from your study of Nature's laws, more than the

books can tell you of the grandeur, the power, the omnipotence of God. You will learn to face great problems seriously. You will learn to work patiently at their solution, though you know that many generations must each add its mite to your work before any answer can be reached.

Your College Course will bring you into contact with men whose influences strengthen and inspire. The ideal College Professor should be the best man in the community. He should have about him nothing mean, or paltry or cheap. He should be to the student as David Copperfield's Agnes, "always pointing the way upwards."

That we are all this, I shall not pretend. Most College Professors whom I know are extremely human. We have been soured and starved and dwarfed in many ways, and many of us are not the men we might have been if we had had your chances for early education. But unpractical, pedantic, fossilized, though the average College Professor may be, his heart is in the right place; he is not mercenary, and his ideals are those of culture and progress. We are keeping the torch burning, which you, young men of the Twentieth Century, may carry to the top of the mountain!

But here and there among us is the Ideal Teacher, the teacher of the future, the teacher to have known whom is of itself a liberal education. I have met some such in my day. Louis Agassiz, Charles Frederic Hartt, Asa Gray, George William Curtis, Daniel Kirkwood, among others, and there are many more such in our land. It is worth ten years of your life to know well one such man as these. Garfield once said that a log with Mark Hopkins at one end of it and himself at the other, would be a University. In whatever college you go, poor and feeble though the institution be, you will find some man who in some degree will be to you what Mark Hopkins was to Garfield, and to know him will repay you for all your sacrifices. It was said of Dr. Nott of Union College, that he "took the sweepings of other colleges and sent them back to Society pure gold." Such was his influence on young men.

Moreover, the training which comes from association with one's fellow-students cannot be over-estimated. Here and there, it is true, some young invertebrate, over-burdened with money or spoiled by home-coddling, falls into bad company and leaves college in worse condition than when he entered it. These are the windfalls of education. However much we may regret them, we cannot prevent their existence. But they are few among the great majority. Most of our apples are not worm-eaten at the core. The average student enters College for a purpose, and you will lose nothing, but may gain much from association with

him. Among our College students are the best young men of the time. They help mould each other's character and shape each other's work. Many a College man will tell you that above all else which the College gave, he values the friendships which he formed in school. In the German Universities, the "fellow-feeling among free spirits" ("Gemeingeist unter freien Geistern") is held to be one of the most important elements in their grand system of Higher Education.

In his eulogy on his great patron, Humboldt, Agassiz tells us a little of his life as a student in the University of Munich.

"Almost all of our professors," he says, "were also eminent in some department of science or literature. They were not men who taught from text-books, or even read lectures made up from extracts from original works. They were themselves original investigators, daily contributing to the sum of human knowledge. And they were not only our teachers, but our friends. The best spirit prevailed among the professors and students. We were often the companions of their walks, often present at their discussions, and when we met for conversation or to give lectures among ourselves, as we constantly did, our professors were often among our listeners, cheering us and stimulating us in all our efforts after independent research. My room was our meeting place. Bed-room, study, museum, library, lecture-room, fencing-room all in one. Students and professors used to call it 'The Little Academy.'

"There Schimpfer and Braun for the first time discussed their newly-discovered laws of Phyllotaxy, that marvelous rhythmical arrangement of the leaves of plants. Here Michahelles first gave us the story of his explorations of the Adriatic. Here Born exhibited his wonderful preparations of the anatomy of the Lamprey-eel. Here Rudolphi told us of his explorations of the Bavarian Alps and the Baltic. These, my fellow-students at Munich were a bright, promising set, boys then in years, not all of whom lived to make their names famous in the annals of Science.

"It was in our Little Academy that Dr. Döllinger himself showed to us, his students, before he had given them to the scientific world, his preparations of the villi of the Alimentary Canal. He taught us first to use the microscope to trace the development of animals. Here too once came Meckel, the great anatomist, to see my fish-skeletons, of which he had heard from Döllinger."

Thus it was in Munich, sixty years ago, and the influence of that little band of students is still felt in the world of science. And a similar influence has been exerted in various ways by similar associations of students in other departments of thought.

We are told that Methodism first arose in a little circle of college students, interested in the realities of religion, hidden amid ceremonies and forms.

At Williams College in Massachusetts, stands a monument that marks the spot where a haystack once stood. Under this haystack, three college students knelt and promised each other to devote their lives to the preaching of the Gospel of Christ among the heathen. Thus was founded the first foreign mission in America.

In my own field of work, I have had this experience. Twenty years ago, I entered a newly-founded State University as a member of its first Freshman class. I wanted to be a naturalist, and I was the first student who had come there with that ambition. A special feature in the work of the Cornell University was to be the promotion of science, and for that reason young naturalists came from all over the land to make use of its opportunities.

We formed a little association, something like the Little Academy at Munich, in a small way, and in this we trained each other. Each told the others what he had seen, and of how he had tried to see it. Many elements went to form our scientific training, but our mutual influence was not the least of these. Nor has that influence yet faded away.

I look over the list of the Cornell Alumni, and I find that each of these young men, boys of sixteen years ago, is himself now the centre of a similar circle of young men. Many of them are well known in the fields of science. Comstock, Dudley, Gage and Nichols, Professors at Cornell; Trelease in the University of Wisconsin; Theodore Comstock in the University of Illinois; Patrick and Kellerman and Nichols in the Universities of Kansas; Lazenby in the University of Ohio; Simonds in Arkansas; Holmes in the University of North Carolina; Rathbun in the Smithsonian Institution, Hitchcock, Salmon, Barnard in other scientific bureaus in Washington; Brayton in the Indianapolis High School; Derby and Branner in the Geological Survey of Brazil, Branner now in the University of Indiana; Cushing among the Zuñi Indians, a Zuñi chief himself, thus worming out the secrets of their ancient civilization; Copeland, brightest of all, who first studied with me the birds and fishes of Indiana, and who died untimely before the world had come to know him.

All of them, fifteen years ago, used to gather in a little room in Ithaca, to show each other the flowers and birds and rocks which they had studied, and to discuss together the problems of life, "those problems of the ages which are always inviting solution and which are never solved."

Each of us owes much to the College, its libraries, its laboratories, its professors, but something of the powers of each, as teacher or as student, has been given by each of the others.

Many a great genius has risen and developed in solitude, as the Trailing Arbutus grows in the woods and scorns cultivation. Poets sing, because their souls are full of music, not because they have learned the gamut of passions in the schools. But all great work, in Science, in Philosophy, in the Humanities, has come from entering into the work of others.

There was once a Chinese Emperor who decreed that he was to be the First, that all History was to begin with him, and that nothing should be before him. But we cannot enforce such a decree. We are not emperors of China. The world's work, and the world's experience does not begin with us. We must know what has been done before us. We must know the paths our predecessors have trodden, if we would tread them further. We must stand upon their shoulders, dwarfs upon the shoulders of the giants, if we would look further into the future than they. Science, Philosophy, Statesmanship, cannot for a moment let go of the Past.

Abraham Lincoln grew up in poverty and without the aid of schools in the woods of Spencer County, Indiana, and our days have seen no greater man than he. But is this a reason, why you, who are not a Lincoln, for God makes but one such in a century, should spend your own youth in ignorance or idleness? Lincoln grew in spite of his surroundings, for, after all, the mind is master. He used wisely and firmly all the few chances for culture which he had. Can you doubt, that if your advantages had been his, that he would have made the most of them? As has been well said, "the road to culture leads to-day by the hearthstone of every home." The Lincolns of the future are now working for an educationsuch as our State freely offers to all her children as a stepping-stone toward broader outlooks and higher usefulness.

The College intensifies the individuality of a man. It takes his best abilities and raises him to the second or third power, as we say in Algebra. It is true enough, that Colleges have tried, and some of them still try to enforce uniformity in study; to cast all students in the same mould. Colleges have been conservative, old-fogyish, if you please. Musty old men in the dust of libraries have tried to make young men dry and dreary like themselves. Colleges have placed readiness above thoroughness, memory above mastery, glibness above sincerity, uniformity above originality, and the dialectics of the dead past above the work of the liv-

ing present. The sceptre of the Roman Emperor has crumbled into dust, but the "rod of the Roman Schoolmaster is over us still."

But say what you will of old methods; they often attained great ends. Colleges have aimed at uniformity. They did not secure it. The individuality of the student bursts through the cast-iron curriculum,

"The man's the man for a' that,"

and any man is so much more the man Nature meant him to be, because his mind is trained.

The educated man has the courage of his convictions, because only he has any real convictions. He knows how convictions should be formed. What he believes he takes on his own evidence, not because it is in the creed of his Church or the platform of his party. So he counts as a unit in his community, not as part of a dozen or a hundred, whose opinions are formed by their town's place on the map, or who train under the party flag because their grandfathers did the same. "To see things as they really are," is one of the crowning privileges of the educated man, and to help others to see them so, is one of the greatest services he can render to the community.

But you may say, "All this may be fine and true, but it does not apply to my case. I am no genius; I shall never be a scholar; I want simply to get along. Give me education enough to teach a district school, so as not to have to work out of doors in the winter, and I am satisfied. Any kind of school will be good enough for that."

"The youth gets together his materials," says Thoreau, "to build a bridge to the moon, or perchance a palace or temple on the earth, and, at length, the middle-aged man concludes to build a woodshed with them."

Now why not plan for a woodshed at first, and save this waste of time and materials?

But the gathering of these materials will strengthen the youth. It may be the means of saving him from idleness, from vice. So long as you are at work on your bridge to the moon, you will shun the saloon, and we shall not see you on the dry-goods box in front of the corner-grocery. I know many a man who in early life planned only to build a woodshed, but who found later that he had the strength to build a temple, if he only had the materials. Many a man the world calls successful would give all life has brought him could he make up for the disadvantages of his lack of early training.

It does not hurt a young man to be ambitious in some honorable direction. In the pure-minded youth, Ambition is the sum of all the virtues. Lack of ambition means failure from the start.

The traveller Rafinesque tells us that when he was a boy, he read the voyages of Captain Cook and Pallas and Le Vaillant, and his soul was fired with the desire to be a great traveller like them. "And so I became such," he adds shortly.

If you say to yourself, I will be a naturalist, a traveller, a historian, a statesman, a scholar; if you never unsay it; if you bend all your powers in that direction, and take advantage of all those aids that help toward your ends, and reject all that do not, you will sometime reach your goal. The world turns aside to let any man pass who knows whither he is going!

"Why should we call ourselves men," said Mirabeau, "unless it be to succeed in everything, everywhere. Say of nothing—This is beneath me, nor feel that anything is beyond your power. Nothing is impossible to the man who can will!"

"But a College Education costs money," you may say. "I have no money, therefore I cannot go to College."

This is nonsense. If you have health and strength and no one dependent on you, you cannot be poor. There is, in this country, no greater good luck that a young man can have than to be thrown on his own resources. The cards are stocked against the rich man's son. Of the many college men who have risen to prominence in my day, very few of them did not lack for money in College. I remember a little boarding-club of the students at Cornell, very appropriately called the "Struggle for Existence," which has graduated more bright minds than any other single organization in my Alma Mater.

The young men who have fought their way, have earned their own money and know what a dollar costs, have the advantage of the rich. They enter the world outside with no luxurious habits, with no taste for idleness. It is not worth while to be born with a silver spoon in your mouth, when a little effort will secure you a gold one.

The time, the money that the unambitious young man wastes in trifling pursuits or in absolute idleness, will suffice to give the ambitious man his education. The rich man's son may enter College with better preparation than you. He may wear better clothes. He may graduate younger, but the poor man's son can make up for lost time by greater energy and by the greater clearness of his grit. He steps from the Commencement stage into no unknown world. He has already measured swords with the great antagonist, and the first victory is his. It is the first struggle that counts.

But it is not Poverty that helps a man. There is no virtue in poor food or shabby clothing. It is the effort by which he throws off the yoke

of poverty that enlarges the powers. It is not hard work, but work to a purpose that frees the soul. If the poor man lie down in the furrow and say:

"I won't try. I shall never amount to anything. I am too poor, and if I wait to earn money, I shall be too old to go to school." If you do this, I say, you won't amount to anything, and later in life you will be glad to spade the rich man's garden and to shovel his coal at a dollar a day.

I have heard of a poor man who earns a half-dollar every day by driving a cow to pasture. He watches her all day as she eats, and then drives her home at night. This is all he does. Put here your half-dollar and there your man. The one balances the other, and the one enriches the world as much as the other. If it were not for the cow, the world would not need that man at all!

A young man can have no nobler ancestry than one made up of men and women who have worked for a living and who have given honest work. The instinct of industry lives in the blood. Naturalists tell us that the habits of one generation are inherited by the next, reappearing as instincts. It is easy to inherit laziness, and no money or luck will place a lazy man on the level of his industrious neighbor. The industry engendered by the pioneer life of the last generation is still in our vein. Sons of the Hoosier pioneers, ours is the best blood in the realm. Let us make the most of ourselves. If you cannot get an education in four years, take ten years. It is worth your while. Your place in the world will wait for you till you are ready to fill it.

Do not say that I am expecting too much of the effects of a firm resolution; that I give you advice which will lead you to failure. For the man who will fail will never make a resolution. Those among you whom Fate has cut out for nobodies, are the ones who will never try!

I said, just now, that you cannot put a $2,000 education on a fifty-cent boy. This has been tried again and again, and it fails every time. What of that? It does not hurt to try. A few hundred dollars is not much to spend on such an experiment.

But what shall we say of a man who puts a fifty-cent education on a ten thousand-dollar boy, and narrows and cramps him throughout his after life? And just this is what ten thousand parents in Indiana to-day are doing for their sons and daughters. Twenty years hence, ten thousand men and women of Indiana will blame them for their shortness of sight and narrowness of judgment; in weighing a few paltry dollars soon earned, soon lost, against the power which comes from mental training.

"For a man to have died who might have been wise and was not, this," says Carlyle, "this I call a tragedy."

Another thing which should never be forgotten is this: A College Education is not a scheme to enable a man to live without work. Its purpose is to help him to work to advantage—to make every stroke count. I have heard a father say sometimes, "I have worked hard all my life. I will give my boy an education so that he will not have to drudge as I have had to do." And the boy going out into the world does not work as his father did. The result every time is disappointment, for the manhood which the son attains depends directly on his own hard work. But if the father say, "My son shall be a worker too, but I will give him an education, so that his hard work may count for more to himself and to the world than my work has done for me," then if the son be as persistent as his father, the results of his work may be far beyond the expectations of either.

The boys who are *sent* to College, often do not amount to much. From the boys who *go* to College come the leaders of the future! Frederic Denison Maurice tells us that "All experience is against the notion that the means to produce a supply of good ordinary men is to attempt nothing higher. I know that nine-tenths of those the University sends out must be hewers of wood and drawers of water, but if I train the ten-tenths to be such, then the wood will be badly cut, and the water will be spilt. Aim at something noble. Make your system of Education such that a great man may be formed by it and there will be a manhood in your little men of which you do not dream!"

"You will hear every day around you," says Emerson, "the maxims of a low prudence. You will hear that your first duty is to get land and money, place and name. What is this Truth, you seek? What is this Beauty? Men will ask in derision. If, nevertheless, God have called any of you to explore Truth and Beauty, be bold, be firm, be true! When you shall say, 'as others do, so will I. I renounce, I am sorry for it, my early visions. I must eat the good of the land and let learning and romantic expectations go, until a more convenient season.' Then dies the man in you. Then once more perish the buds of Art and Poetry and Science, as they have died already in a hundred thousand men. The hour of that choice is the crisis of your destiny."

But you may ask me this question: Will a College Education pay, considered solely as a financial investment?

Again I must answer yes, but the scholar is seldom disposed to look upon his power as a "financial investment." He can do better than to

get rich. The scholar will feel, as Agassiz said to the Boston publisher, "I have no time, sir, to make money!"

I do not wish to belittle any honest work that leads to wealth or prosperity. Other things being equal, it is every man's duty to be prosperous. The world owes no man a living and he who would live in the world must do something for which the world is willing to pay. But wealth is no gauge of usefulness in life. You cannot measure a man's success by the amount of the taxes he pays. Any one of our great railroad gamblers gains or loses more money in a month than any scholar in Christendom can earn in a lifetime. Tested by your standards, are the lives of Jay Gould, Daniel Drew and the Vanderbilts successful lives? If you so measure them, it is not to you I speak.

But let us take a lower plane if you please. In the work of the rank and file of life, it is true that the educated man gets the best salaries. Brain work is higher than hand work, and it is worth more in any market and it always will be so. In every field from base-ball to statesmanship it is always science that wins the game. No protective tariff, no interference of law can raise the wages of the unskilled laborer to the level of those of his trained competitor. The man with the mind is the boss, and the boss receives a larger salary than the hands whose work he directs.

It is everywhere the same in our country. Among our doctors, our lawyers, our preachers, our teachers, our civil engineers, our editors, our politicians even, it is the College men who take the lead.

Some statistics have been lately published, concerning this matter in its practical aspect. On an average, it is said, about five in every thousand men are college graduates. But in every thousand important positions, in the State, in the schools, in the Church, 580 are held by College men. Thus, while not one man in a hundred has ever been in a College, more than half the places of honor and trust in our country are held by College men.

Some time ago, Chancellor Lippincott, of the State University of Kansas, wrote to each of the graduates of that College, asking them to state briefly the advantages "which your experience shows that you have derived from your College life and work."

I have here the answers, some few of which I will read.

One says, "My love for the State grew with every lesson I received through her care. I saved five years of my life by her training, and I am a more loyal and a better citizen."

Another had

"A better standing in the community, than I could have gained in any other way."

Another

"Would not exchange the advantages gained for a hundred times their cost, either to Kansas or to myself."

Another considers it "Financially the best investment I ever made."

To another it had given "Strong friendship with the most intelligent young men of the State, those who are certain to largely influence its destiny."

One says, "It has given me a place and an influence among a class of men whom I could not otherwise reached at all."

Another said, "I am better company for myself; and a better citizen, with far more practical interest in my State."

Thus it is, in Kansas, and thus it is everywhere. To the young man or young woman of character, the College Education does pay, from whatever standpoint you may choose to regard it.

When I was a boy on a farm in Western New York, some one urged my parents to send me to College.

"But what will he find to do when he gets through College?" they asked. "Never mind that," said the friend, "he will always find plenty to do. There is always room at the top!"

There is always room at the top! All our professions are crowded in America, but the crowd is around the bottom of the ladder!

We are proud, and justly proud of our Common School System. The free school stands on every Northern cross-road, and it is rapidly finding its way into the great New South. Every effort is made for the education of the masses. There is no upper caste to reap the benefits of an education, for which the poor man has to pay. There is no class, educated and ruling by right of birth; no hereditary House of Lords. Our scholars and our leaders are of the people, from the people.

The American plan is making us an intelligent people as compared with the masses of any other nation. The number of those indifferent or ignorant is less in our Northern States, than in England or Germany or France. But our leadership is worse than theirs. We have, for our numbers, fewer educated men than have any of these countries. Our statesmen are but children by the side of Gladstone or Bismarck. We are all too familiar with the American type of "statesman." The cross ties of the railroads from Washington to Indianapolis are still graven with the prints of his returning boot-heels. He is the butt of our national jokes as well as the sign of our national shame! We have been too busy chop-

ping our trees and breaking our prairies to educate our sons. Thus it comes, that in literature, in science, in philosophy, in everything except mechanical invention, American work has been contented to bear the stamp of mediocrity.

This is not so true now as it was a few years ago, for Young America has made great strides toward the front in all these fields within the last twenty years. But it should not be true to any extent at all. No where in the world, I believe, is the raw material out of which scholars and statesmen should be made so abundant as in America. No where is native intelligence and energy so plentiful, but far too often does it so waste itself in unworthy achievment. Talent lying around loose.

In the different training schools of this State, large and small, more than 3,000 young people are gathered together to prepare for the profession of teaching. Of these, not one in fifty remains in school long enough to secure even the rudiments of a liberal education. For the lowest grades of schools, there are candidates by the hundred, but when one of our really good schools wants a man for a man's work, it can make no use of these teachers, excellent as some of them are in the lower field they have chosen. We must search far and wide for the man to whom a present offer of fifty dollars a month has not seemed more important than all the grand opportunities the scholar may receive.

Many of our young teachers are making a mistake in this regard. Every year the demand for educated men and women in our profession is growing. Every year, scores of half-educated teachers are crowded out of their places to make way for younger men who have the training which the coming years demand.

What kind of a teacher do you mean to be? One who has a basis of culture and will grow as the years go on, or one with nothing in you, who will hang on, a burden to the profession, until he is finally turned out to starve? What is the use of preparing for certain failure? The bird in the hand is not worth ten in the bush. You cannot afford to sell your future at so heavy a discount.

The general purpose of public education, it is said, is the elevation of the masses. This is well, but as the man is above the mass, there is a higher aim than this. Training of the individual is to break up the masses, to draw from the multitude the man. We see a regiment of soldiers on parade—a thousand men; in dress and mien, all are alike—the mass. To the sound of the drum or the command of the officer, they move as one man. By and by, in the business of war, comes the cry for a man to lead some forlorn hope, to do some deed of bravery in the face of danger.

From the masses steps the man. His training shows itself. On parade, no more no less than the others, he stands above them all when the day of trial comes. So too, in other things, in other places, for the need of men is not alone on the field of battle.

A hundred thousand boys were to-day at play on the fields of Indiana. Which of these shall be the great, the good of Indiana's next century? Which of these shall redeem our State from its vassalage to the saloon and the spoilsman? Which of these shall be a centre of sweetness and light, so that the world shall say, "It is good to have lived in Indiana."

These hundred thousand boys form a part of what will be the masses. Let us raise them as high as we can. Let us feed them well. Let us send them to school. Let us make them all wise, intelligent, clean, honest, thrifty, but among them here and there is the future leader of men. Let us raise him from the masses, or rather, let us give him a chance to raise himself, for the pine tree in the thicket needs no outside help to place its head above the sassafras and sumac. To break up the mass, that they may be masses no more, but living men and women, is the mission of Higher Education, and to this end the Colleges of our State exist.

It is not often that I listen to a Fourth of July oration. Still less often do I quote from one of them on an occasion like this. I find, however, in a speech lately delivered by a young man in Albion, Illinois, these words which are good and true.

"The College training is just as important to the nation's welfare as the knowledge of reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar and geography. The great problems of politics are not solved on the stump, not by the editor, not at the ballot-box, not by party triumphs and defeats, but in the walls of our Colleges. There are the ablest and deepest thinkers in social science, in politics, in law."—(*Edward C. Fitch.*)

There are a dozen College professors who might be named, men leading quiet, earnest lives, any one of whom will have more influence on the future of our country than a century of the candidates for whom we shouted and voted last fall. These last are the froth on the popular wave, high and conspicuous for a moment, lost and forgotten the next. The others are the men who have studied politics as Newton studied Astronomy, as Cuvier and Agassiz and Darwin studied Nature, as Shakespeare studied man. Their influence moulds the young men of the future and it will not fade away.

In Medicine, America is still the paradise of Quacks. In Law, the land is full of shysters and pettifoggers, and doers of "fine work," but of

good lawyers, the supply never equals the demand. In Education, no land is so full as America of frauds and shams. The Catalogues of our schools read like the advertisements of our patent medicines. They "cure all ills that flesh is heir to. One bottle sufficient!" The name University in America is assumed by the Cross-roads Academy as well as by Harvard or Johns Hopkins. The name Professor is applied to the country school-master, the barber and the manager of the skating rink. The Bachelor's diploma in Indiana is given by consent of law to those who could not pass the examinations of any decent High School. Such diplomas do not ennoble their holders, but they do serve to bring into contempt the very name of American graduate.

One of the besetting sins of American life is its willingness to call very little things by very big names—its tolerance of imposition and fraud. It is the mission of the scholar in each profession to combat fraud, to show men "facts amid appearances," to say that a pop-gun is a pop-gun, though every one else may be calling it a cannon! As our country grows older, perhaps the number of bladders will diminish. If not, let us have more pins!

What does the College do for the moral, the religious training of the youth? Let us examine. If your College assume to stand in *loco parentis* with rod in hand and spy-glasses on its nose, it will not do much in the way of moral training. The fear of punishment will not make young men moral or religious, still less a punishment so easily evaded as the discipline of the College.

If your College claims to be a Reform school, your professors detective officers, and your president a chief of police, the students will give them plenty to do. A College cannot take the place of the parent. To claim that it does so is mere pretense. It can cure the boy of petty vices and childish trickery only by making him a man, by giving him higher ideals, more serious views of life. You may win by inspiration, not by fear.

Take those dozen students in Munich, of whom Agassiz has written, do you suppose that Dr. Döllinger caught any of them cheating on examination? Did the three young men who knelt under the haystack at Williamstown choose the haystack rather than the billiard hall, for fear of the College Faculty? "Free should the scholar be, free and brave." The petty restraints that may aid in the control of College sneaks and College snobs are an insult to College men and women. And it is for the training of men and women that the College exists.

So too in religious matters. The College can do much, but not by

rules and regulations. The College will not make young men religious by enforced attendance at Church or Prayer-meeting. It will not awaken the spiritual element in the students' nature by any system of demerit marks. This the College can do for religious culture. It can strengthen the student in his search for Truth. It can encourage manliness in him by the putting away of childish things. Let the thoughts of the student be free as the air. Let him prove all things, and he will hold fast to that which is good. Give him a message to speak to other men, and when he leaves your care, you need fear for him, not the world, the flesh, nor the Devil!

This is a practical age, we say, and we look askance at dreams and ideals. We ask now, what is the value of Education? What is the value of Christianity? What is the value of love, of God, of morality, of Truth, of Beauty—as though all these things were for sale in our city markets, somewhat shop-worn and going at a sacrifice.

"My son," says Victor Cherbuliez, "my son, we ought to lay up a stock of absurd enthusiams in our youth, or else we shall reach the end of our journey with an empty heart, for we lose a great many of them by the way."

It is the noblest mission of all High Education, I believe, to fill the mind of the youth with these enthusiasms, with noble ideas of manhood, of work, of life. It should teach him to feel that Life is indeed worth living, and no one who leads a worthy life has ever for a moment doubted this. It should help him to shape his own ambitions as to how a life may be made worthy. It should help him to believe that love and friendship and faith and devotion are things that really exist, and are embodied in men and women. He should learn to know these men and women, whether of the present or of the past, and his life will become insensibly fashioned after theirs. He should form dreams of his own work for society, for Science, for Art, for Religion. His life may fall far short of what he would make it, but a high ideal must precede any worthy achievement.

I once climbed a mountain slope in Utah in midsummer when every blade of grass was burned to a yellow crisp. I look over the valley, and here and there I can trace a line of vivid green across the fields, running down to the lake. I cannot see the water, but I know that the brook is there, for the grass would not grow without its help. Like this brook in the hot plains may be the life of the scholar in the world of men.

I look out over the lives of struggling men and women. I see the weary soul, the lost ambitions,

> "The haggard face, the form that drooped and fainted
> In the fierce race for wealth."

Here and there I trace some line in life along which I see springing up all things good and gracious. Here is the scholar's work. In his pathway are all things beautiful and true, the love of nature, the love of man, the love of God.

Best of all the scholar's privileges is that which Dr. Hale has called "Lending a hand" The scholar travels the road of life well equipped in all which can be helpful to others. He may not travel that road again, and what he does for his neighbor must be done where his neighbor is. The noblest lives have left their traces not only in literature or in history, but in the hearts of men.

Not long ago Professor Bryan said at Indianapolis: "Two summers ago, in a Southern Indiana country neighborhood, I came upon the traces of a man. They were quite as distinct and satisfactory as a geologist could have wished for in the case of a vanished glacier. A good many years had passed away since the man was there, but the impression of his mind and character was still unmistakable. Long ago, when a boy of eighteen, with no special training and no extended education, this man went into Jefferson county to teach. What he did, what he said, what methods or text-books he used, what books or journals he read, I do not know. But if you will go there to-day, you will find in that community, among all kinds and classes and conditions of people, the most satisfactory evidence that that boy-teacher was a man, honest, sincere, energetic, inspiring."

So I have found, as I have gone about over this State of ours, traces here and there which show where a man has lived. In Franklin county, I have found noble remains of the life of Rufus Haymond. In Posey county, the lives of all the Owens. In Marion county, I have found the life of Samuel Hoshour. In Floyd county, the life of John Sloan. In Cuyahoga county, Ohio, the life of Jared Kittland. In Monroe county, we all know the lives of Elisha Ballentine and Andrew Wylie. In greater or less degree, as we come to know the inner history of some little town, we may find that from some past life, its sons and daughters have drawn their inspiration; we may find that once within its borders there lived a man.

One word more. You will go to College, for better or for worse. Where shall you go? The answer to this is simple. Get the best you can. You have but one chance for a College Education and you cannot afford to waste that chance on third-rate or fourth-rate schools. There is but one thing that can make a College strong and useful, and that is a

strong and earnest faculty. All other matters without this, are of less than no importance.

Buildings, Departments, Museums, Courses, Libraries, Catalogue, names, numbers, rules and regulations do not make a University. It is the men who teach. Go where the Masters are, in whatever department you wish to study.

Look over this matter carefully, for it is important. Go for your education to that school, in whatever state or country, under whatever name or control, that will serve your purposes best, that will give you the best returns for the money you are able to spend. Do not stop with the middle men. Go to the men who know, the men who can lead you beyond the primary details to the thoughts and researches which are the work of the scholar.

Far more important than the question of what you shall study is the question of who shall be your teachers. The teacher should not be a self-registering phonograph to put black marks after the names of the lazy boys. He should be a source of inspiration, leading the student in his department to the farthest limit of what is already known, inciting him to make excursions in the greater realms of the unknown.

Ezra Cornell said, "I will found an institution in which any person can find instruction in any study." A great idea, and in the University he founded, this idea has been nobly carried out. But it is possible, I believe, for us to do better than this. It is possible for us to have a school in which each subject which is taught, be the number few or many, shall be taught by a master.

Such a school does not yet exist among us, but it will come, and when it comes, it will work a revolution in College Education. I do not know where it may be or when, but in my dreams day and night I can see it, the College of the Masters, the College of the Twentieth Century, standing as the rightful head of the school system of Indiana.

Let the school do for you all it can, and when you have entered on the serious duties of life, let your own work and your own influence in the community be ever the strongest plea that can be urged in behalf of the Higher Education.

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